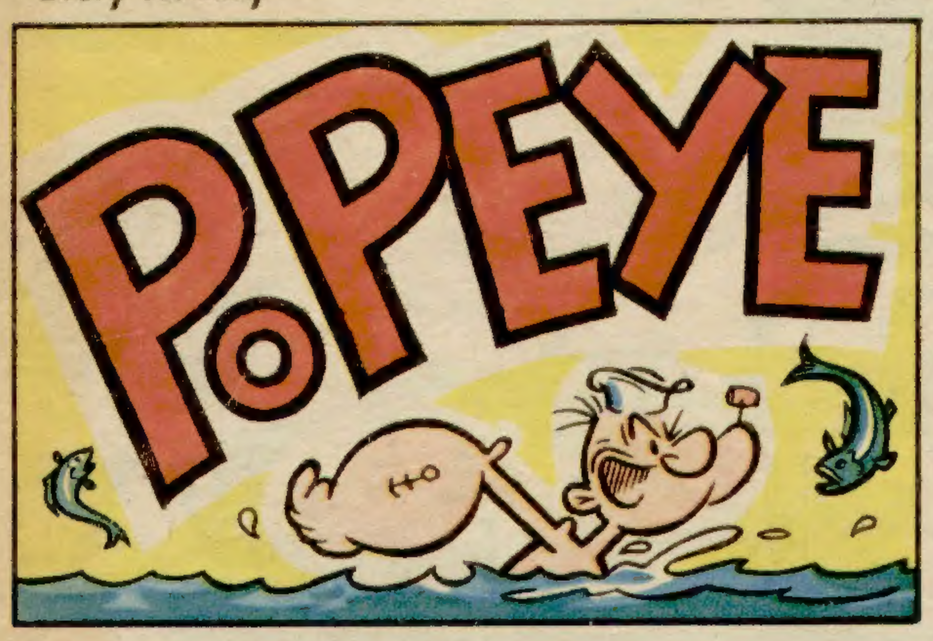
TV COMIC

FOR SUPER LAUGHS AND SUPER THRILLS

6D

Every Monday — Week Ending 8th August, 1964 — Number 660

POPEYE


GOOD LUCK, POPEYE.
CROSS CHANNEL RACE
£500 PRIZE
MAY THE BEST MAN WIN, EH, POPEYE?
HAW-HAW-HAW-HAW! I'LL LET HIM GET AHEAD. THEN I'LL PUT MY GREAT PLAN INTO ACTION!
AHOY THERE, BRUTO. EVERYTHING OKAY?
IT'S GOING LIKE CLOCK-WORK, CAPTAIN. TAKE ME ABOARD AND WE'LL GET AFTER POPEYE.
THERE HE IS! FIRE THE TORPEDO NOW, CAPTAIN. HAW-HAW-HAW-HAW!
SHIVER ME TIMBERS! BRUTO AIMS TO SINK ME!
PHEW! THAT WAS A CLOSE SHAVE. I'D BETTER STAY DOWN HERE.
BLOW ME DOWN. HERE'S SOME CANS OF SPINACH FROM AN OLD WRECK...
SPINACH
FIRE ONE!
MAN THE LIFEBOAT'S!
CRASH
WHOOSH
A DIRECT HIT! ARF-ARF-ARF!
HELP
SO LONG, CHAPS. I'LL SEE YOU ON MY WAY BACK HOME AFTER I'VE COLLECTED MY PRIZE MONEY!
HURRAH FOR POPEYE
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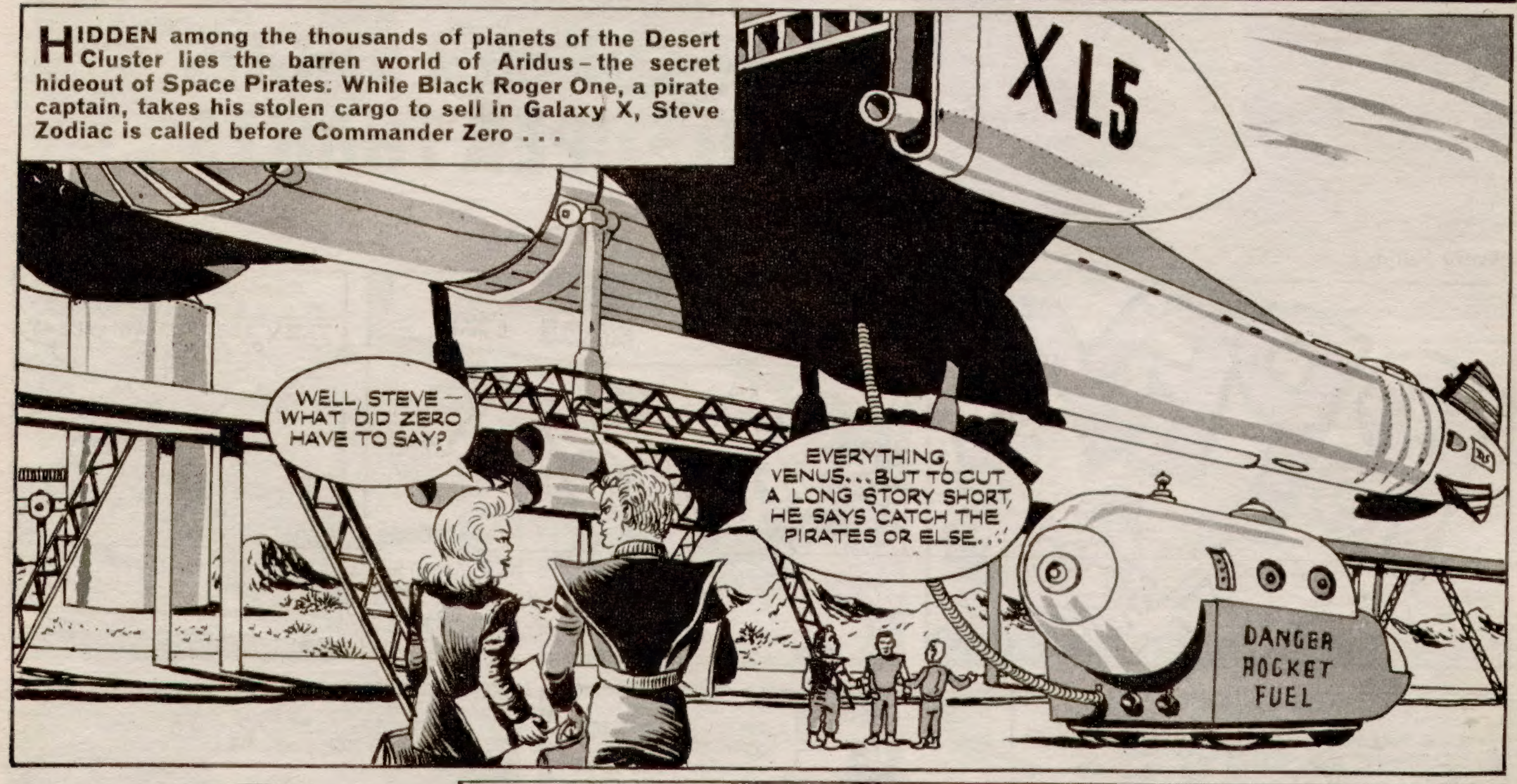
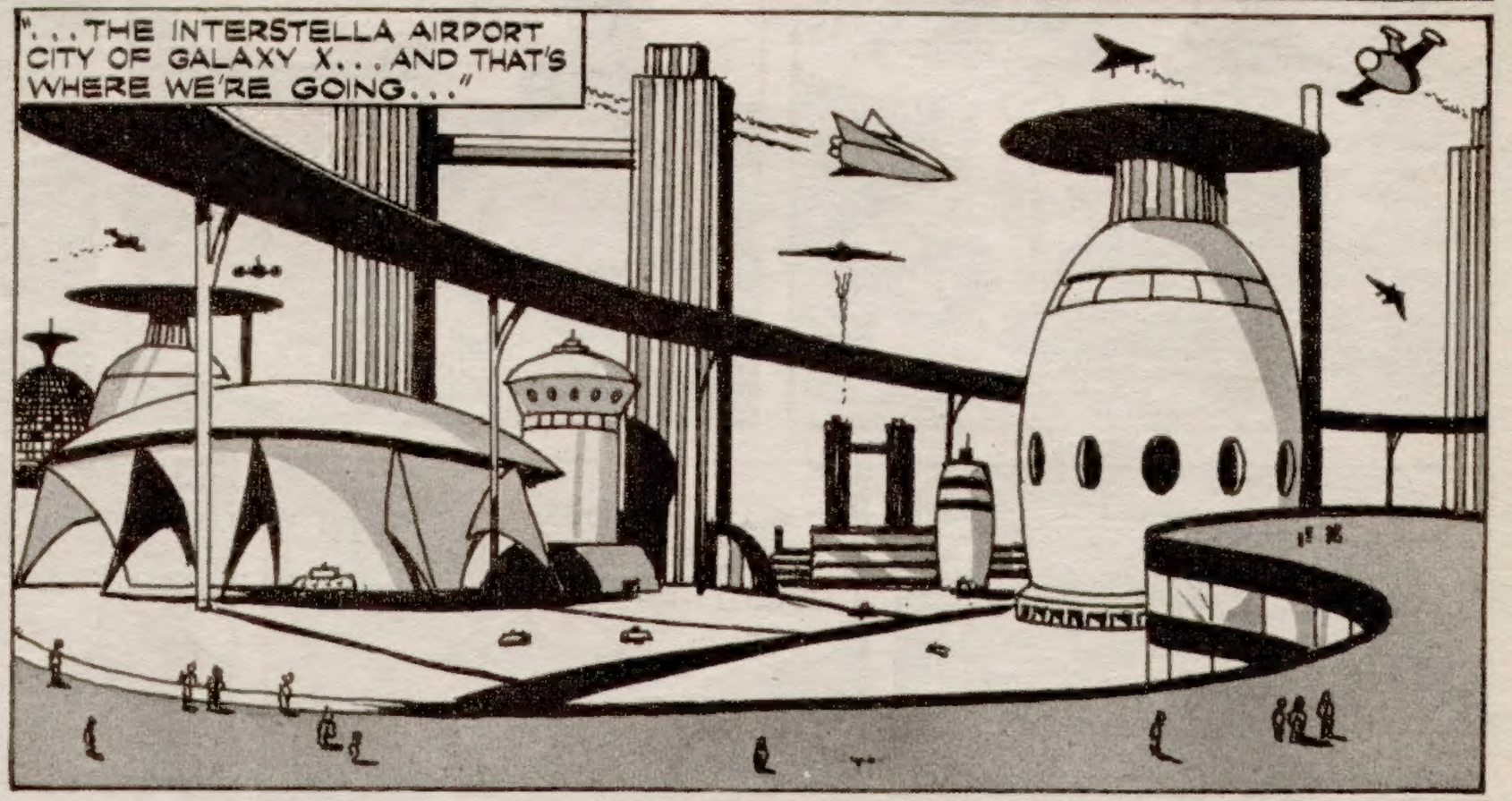
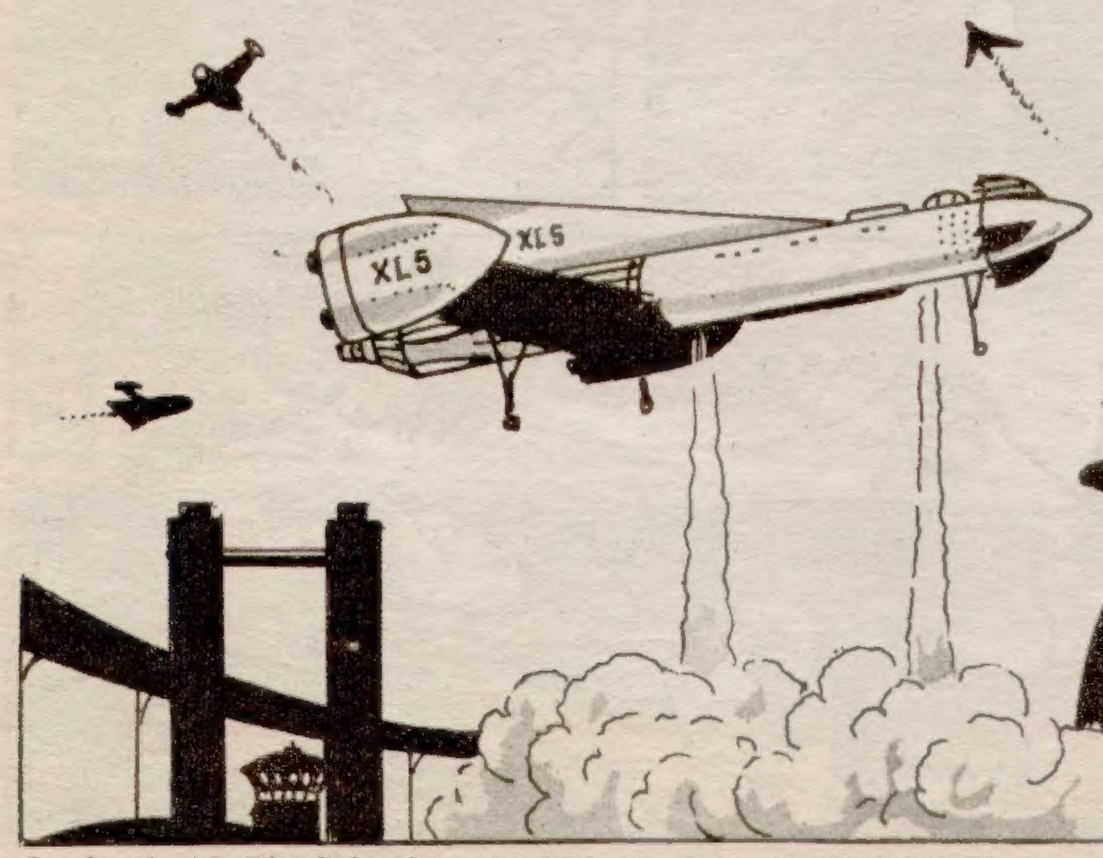
FIREBALL XL5

HIDDEN among the thousands of planets of the Desert Cluster lies the barren world of Aridus – the secret hideout of Space Pirates. While Black Roger One, a pirate captain, takes his stolen cargo to sell in Galaxy X, Steve Zodiac is called before Commander Zero . . .


XL5
WELL, STEVE — WHAT DID ZERO HAVE TO SAY?
EVERYTHING, VENUS... BUT TO CUT A LONG STORY SHORT, HE SAYS 'CATCH THE PIRATES OR ELSE...'
DANGER ROCKET FUEL

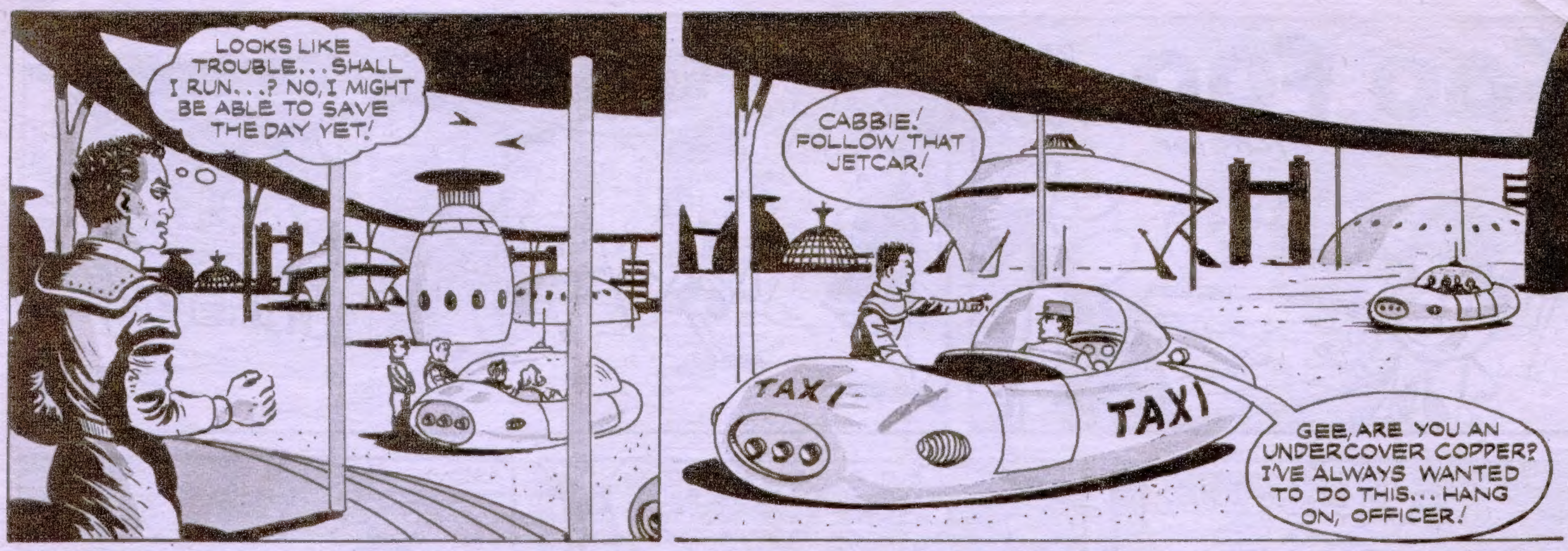
THAT'S EASIER SAID THAN DONE, STEVE!
YOU'RE TELLING ME, VENUS, BUT THERE'S ONE HOPE OF GETTING ON THE PIRATE'S TAIL... AS I SEE IT, THEY MUST SELL THE STOLEN GOODS TO MAKE THEIR RAIDS PAY, AND THE OBVIOUS PLACE TO SELL IS KALIZMA...

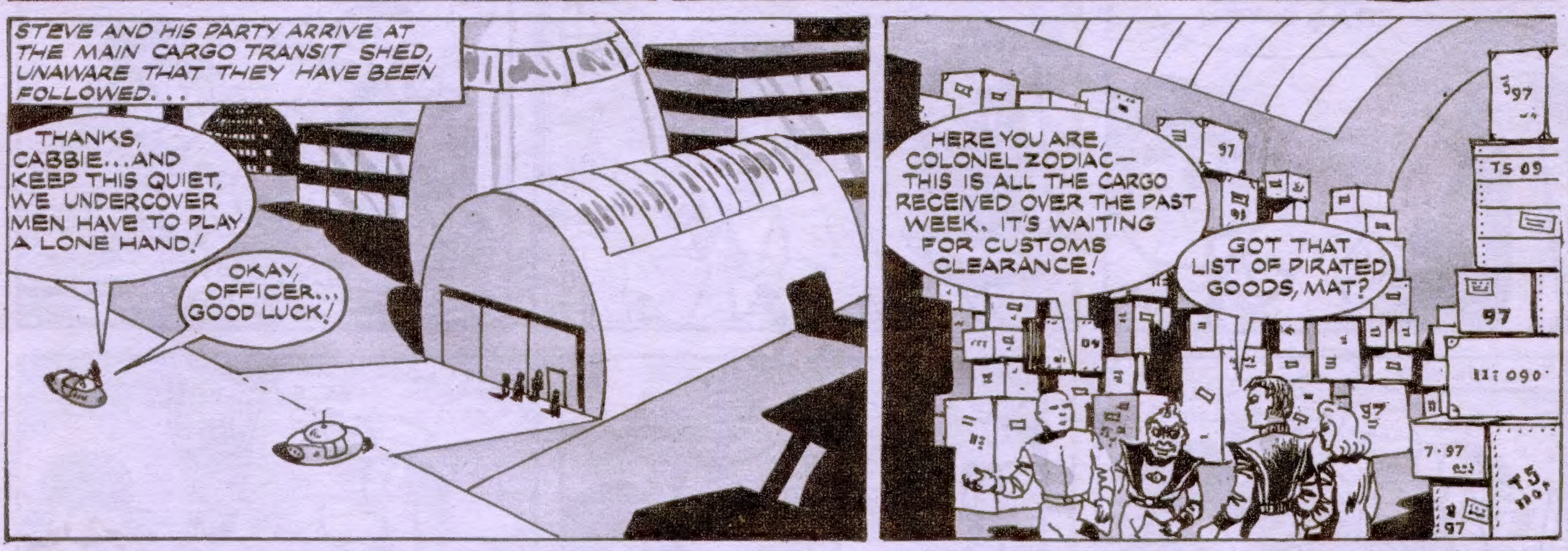


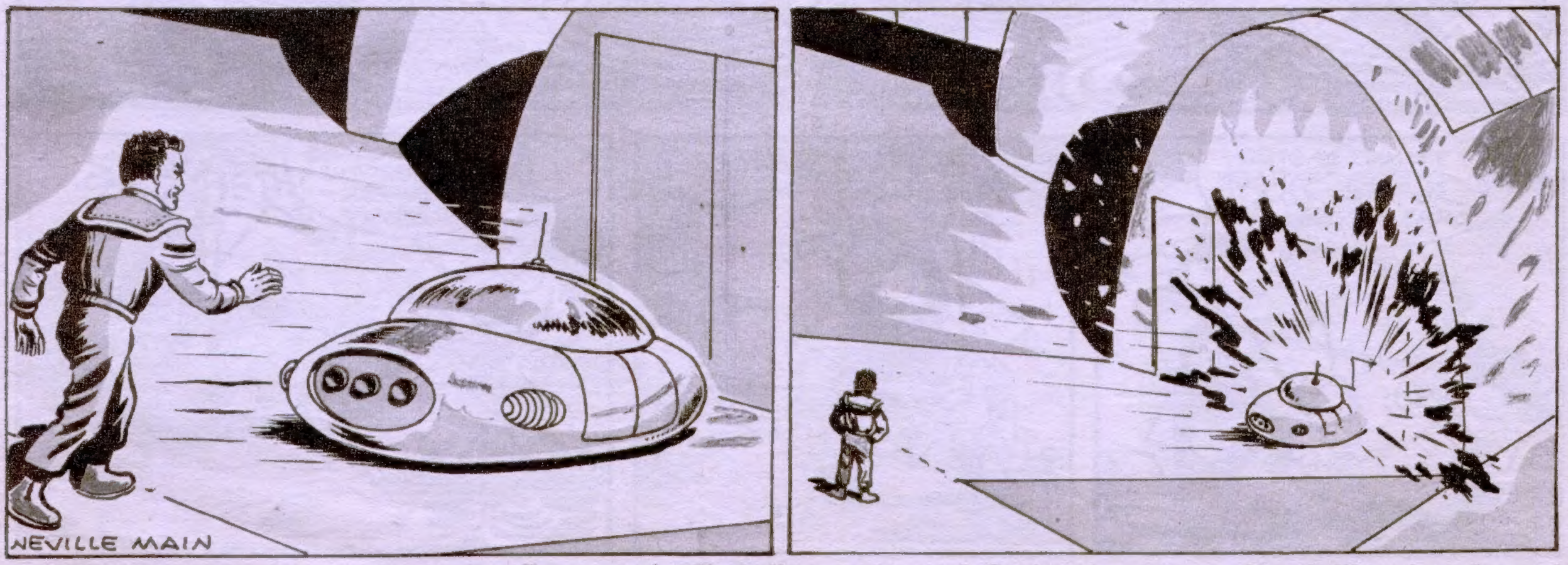


AS THE FIREBALL TEAM AND A GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL HURRY THROUGH KALIZMA'S AIRPORT BUILDINGS, THEY ARE SEEN BY BLACK ROGER ONE, THE PIRATE CAPTAIN WHO IS IN THE CITY TO SELL HIS STOLEN CARGO...
BY JUPITER! IT'S ZODIAC AND HIS CREW... I WONDER WHAT THEY'RE DOING HERE?

Based on the A.P. Films Ltd. and Associated Television Ltd. series "Fireball XL5".


LOOKS LIKE TROUBLE... SHALL I RUN...? NO, I MIGHT BE ABLE TO SAVE THE DAY YET!
CABBIE! FOLLOW THAT JETCAR!
TAXI
TAXI
GEE, ARE YOU AN UNDERCOVER COPPER? I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO DO THIS... HANG ON, OFFICER!


STEVE AND HIS PARTY ARRIVE AT THE MAIN CARGO TRANSIT SHED, UNAWARE THAT THEY HAVE BEEN FOLLOWED...
THANKS, CABBIE...AND KEEP THIS QUIET, WE UNDERCOVER MEN HAVE TO PLAY A LONE HAND!
OKAY, OFFICER... GOOD LUCK!
HERE YOU ARE, COLONEL ZODIAC— THIS IS ALL THE CARGO RECEIVED OVER THE PAST WEEK. IT'S WAITING FOR CUSTOMS CLEARANCE!
GOT THAT LIST OF PIRATED GOODS, MAT?



How can the Fireball crew escape? Don't miss next week's thrilling instalment!

Foo Foo and GOGO

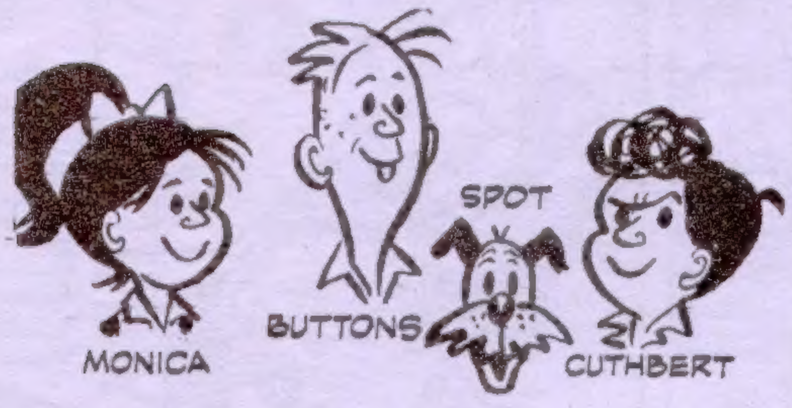
by Halas & Batchelor

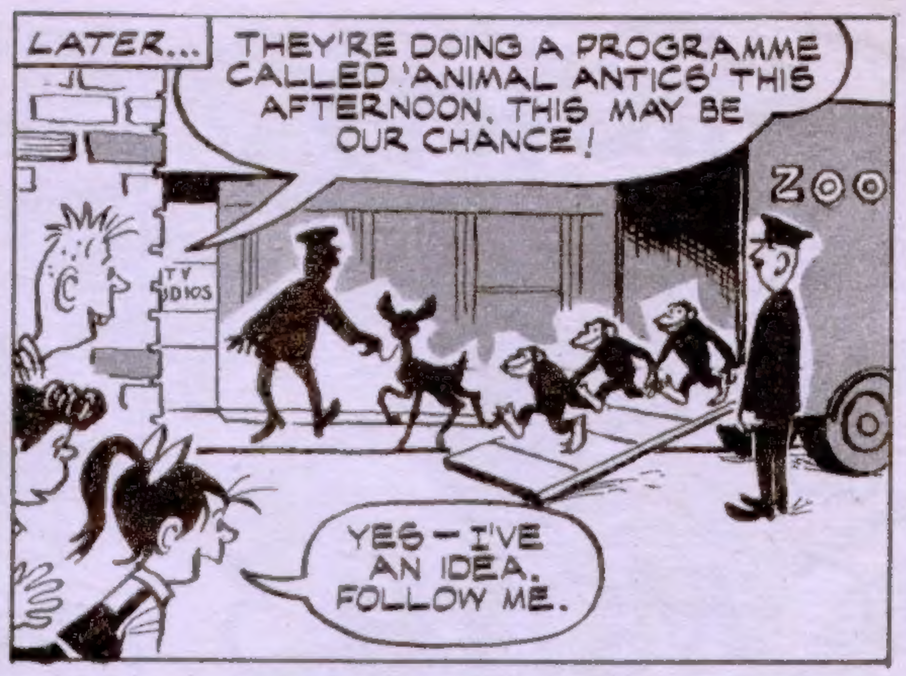
THIS SEA AIR GIVES ONE AN APPETITE!
LET'S BUY A COUPLE OF SHRIMPING NETS— THEN WE CAN CATCH A FREE SHRIMP SUPPER!
SHRIMP NETS 10/- EACH
BUCKETS AND SPADES
CERTAINLY NOT! I AM SAVING MY MONEY TO BUY MYSELF A NICE CRAB SUPPER!
BUT CRAB IS MUCH TOO EXPENSIVE! LET ME SHOW YOU THE EASY WAY TO CATCH TASTY SHRIMPS!
AND SO...
3 HOURS LATER...
ARE YOU QUITE SURE THERE ARE SHRIMPS HERE?
OF COURSE! LOOK, I'VE CAUGHT ONE ALREADY!
I MUST LOOK IN MY NET—BOY! IT FEELS HEAVY!
MUST BE FULL OF SHRIMPS—HUH?
HA-HA-HA! IT'S FULL OF SEAWEED!
SWISH!
SLOSH!!
LAUGH AT ME WOULD YOU? GRR! TAKE THAT!
GERK! (SPLUTTER!)
TO THINK I WASTED MY MONEY ON THAT! NOW I CAN'T AFFORD A CRAB SUPPER!
HELP!
I SEE THE CRABS HAVE CAUGHT THEIR FREE SUPPER— HA-HA-HA!

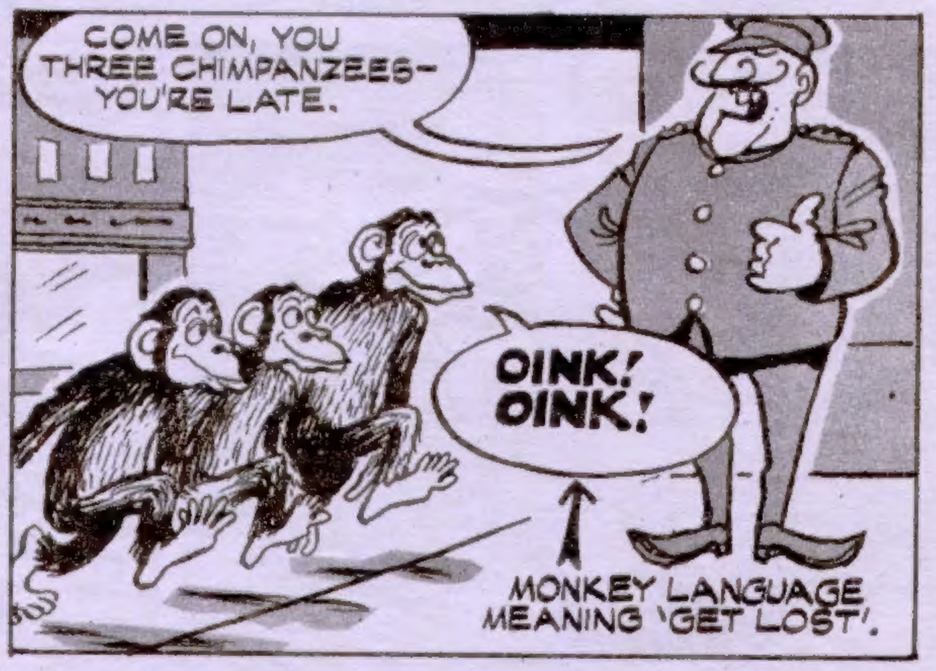
Adapted from ABC Television's series "Foo Foo".

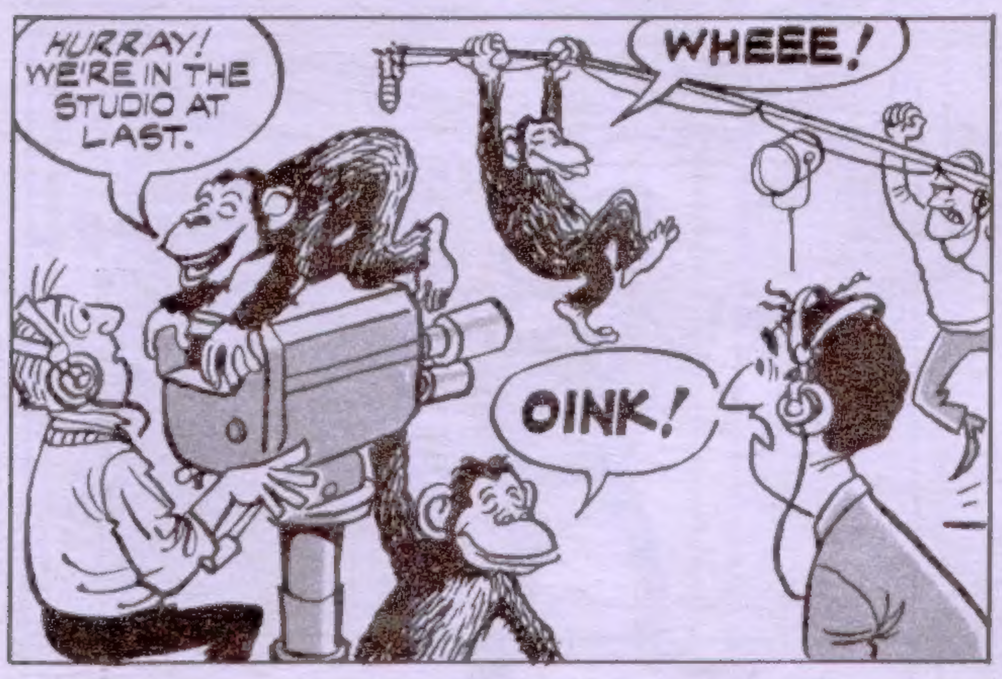
More holiday laughs with Foo Foo in TV COMIC HOLIDAY SPECIAL!

TV TERRORS

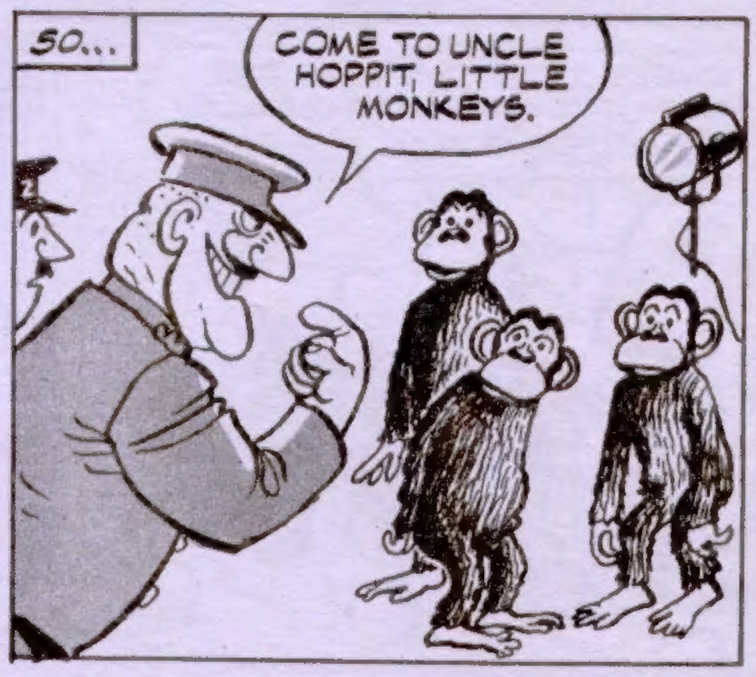


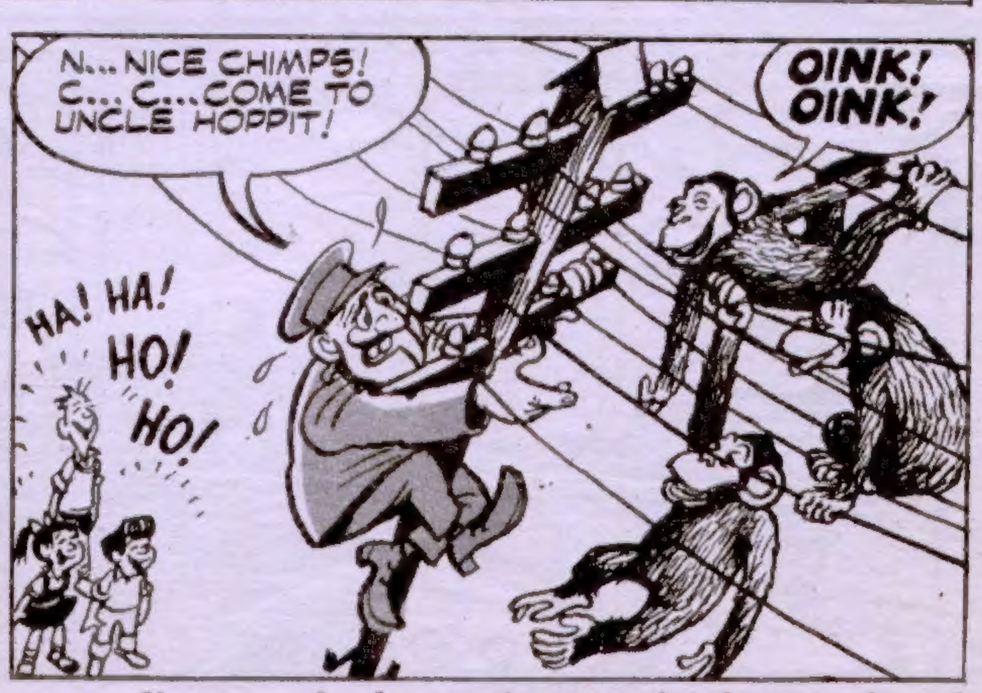

LATER...
THEY'RE DOING A PROGRAMME CALLED 'ANIMAL ANTICS' THIS AFTERNOON. THIS MAY BE OUR CHANCE!
ZOO
TV STUDIOS
YES — I'VE AN IDEA. FOLLOW ME.





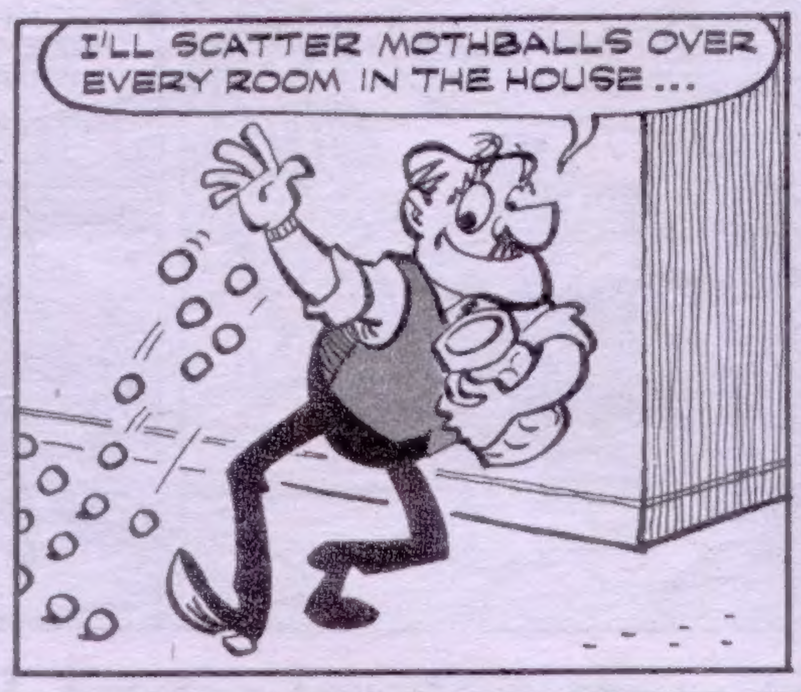
GET YOUR CHIMPS UNDER CONTROL! ASK OUR DOORMAN TO HELP YOU.
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT. A MOMENT AGO THEY WERE SITTING QUIETLY BACK-STAGE, NOW THEY ARE BEHAVING LIKE NAUGHTY CHILDREN.
ZOO

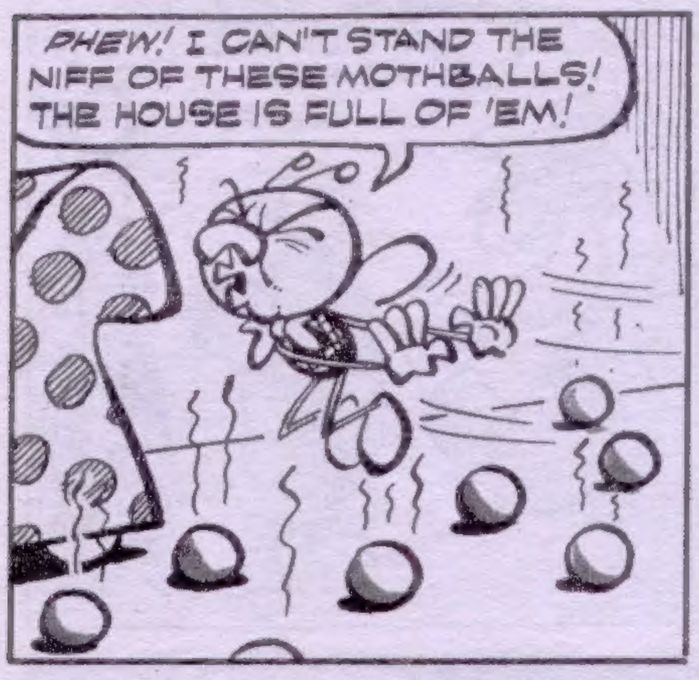


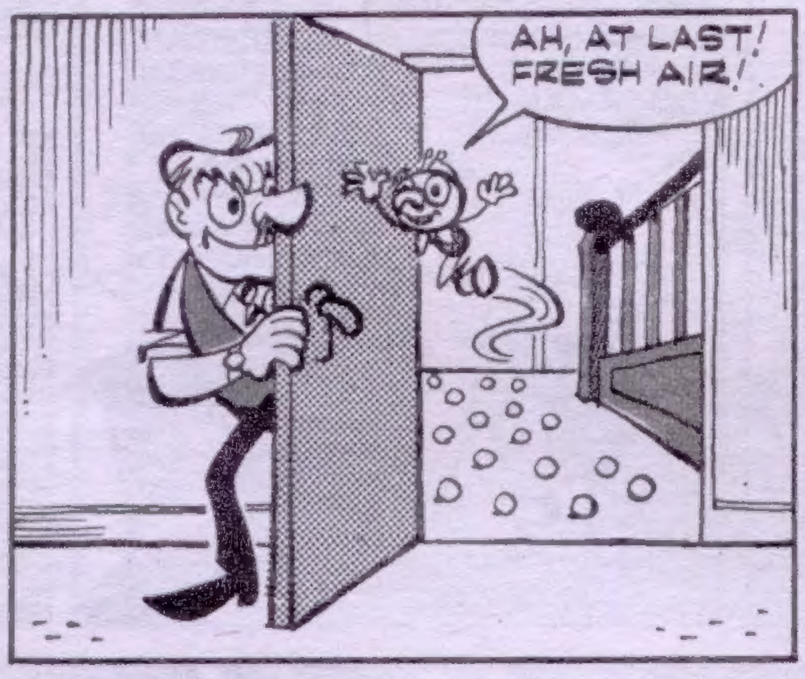


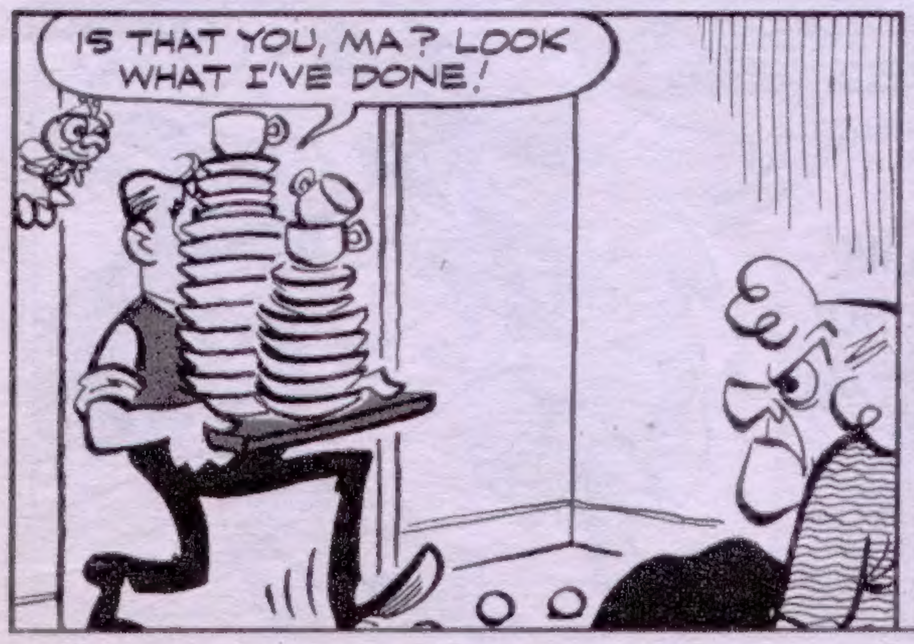
Next week, horseplay at the horse show!

MIGHTY MOTH



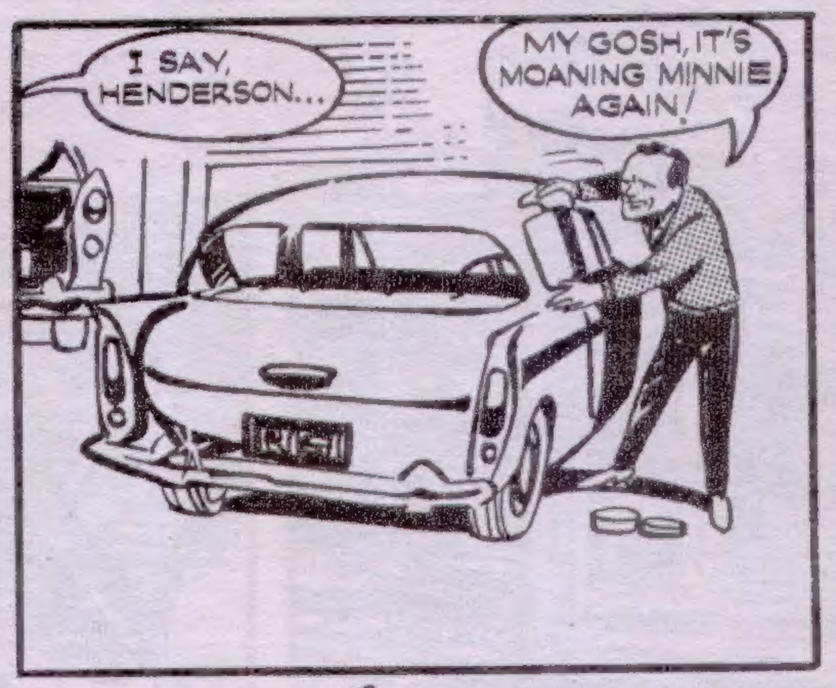


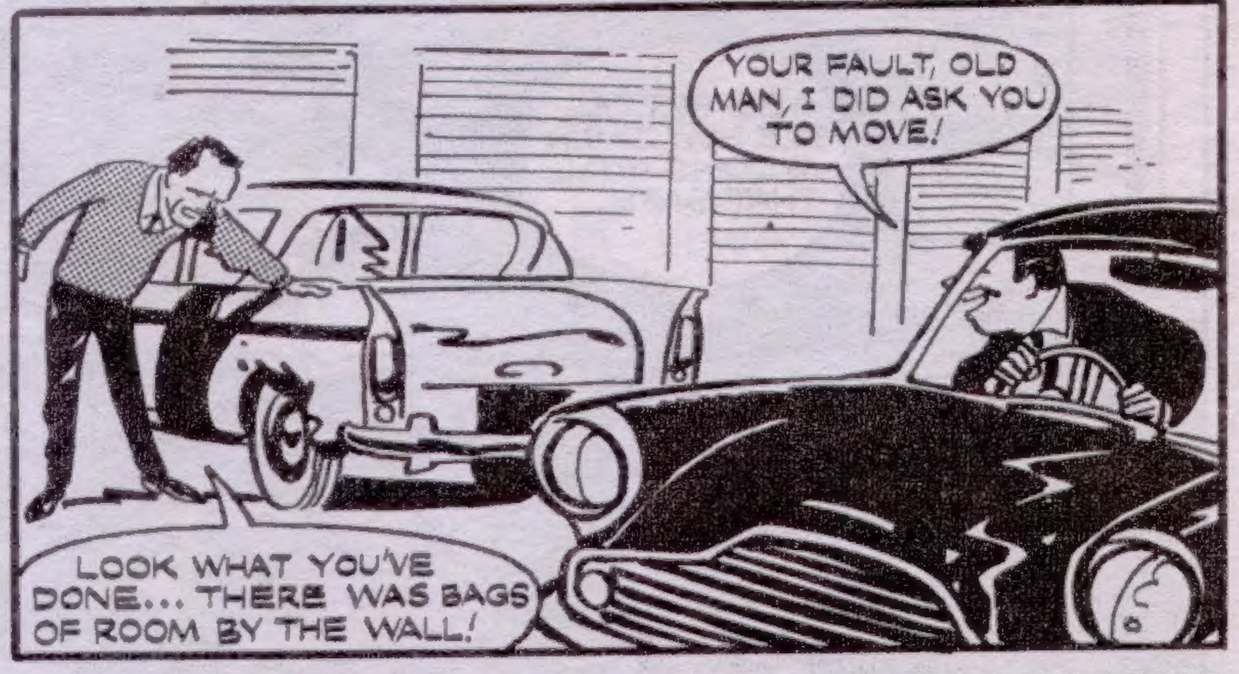


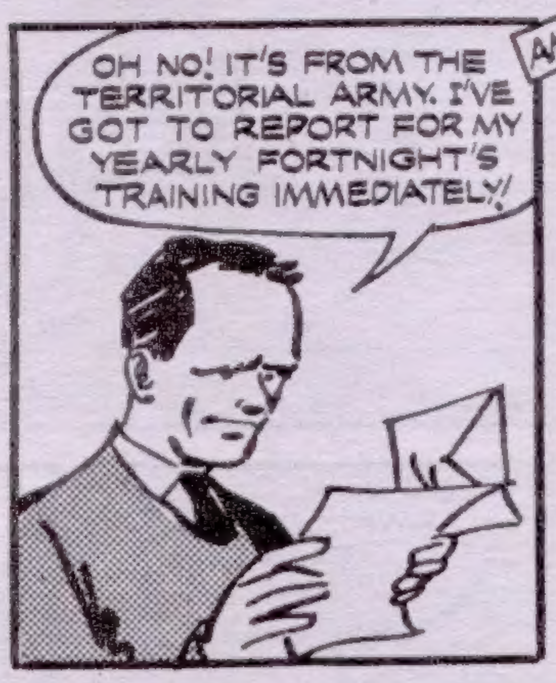


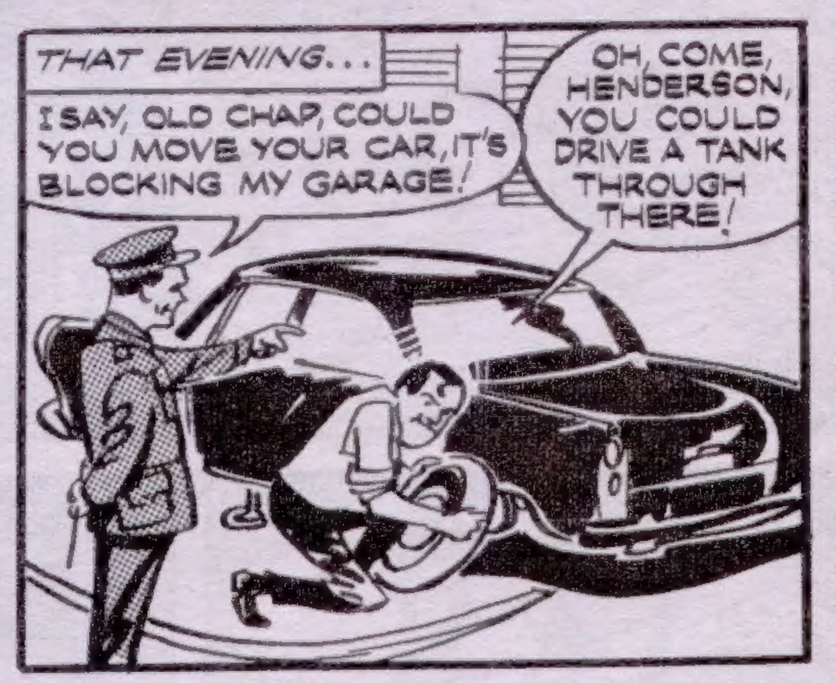
Next week, Dad's motor has moth trouble!

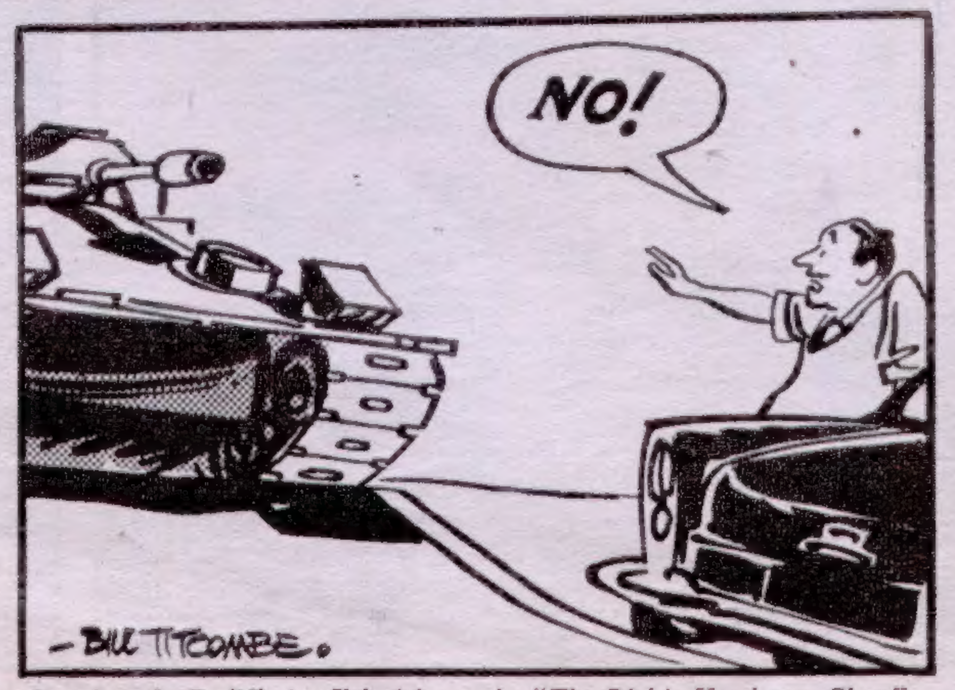
THE DICKIE HENDERSON FAMILY








THAT EVENING...
I SAY, OLD CHAP, COULD YOU MOVE YOUR CAR, IT'S BLOCKING MY GARAGE!
OH, COME, HENDERSON, YOU COULD DRIVE A TANK THROUGH THERE!



Based on the Rediffusion Television series "The Dickie Henderson Show".

Next week, Dickie's neighbour builds a balcony wall!

SUPERCAR

BASED ON THE A.P. FILMS LTD. AND ASSOCIATED TELEVISION LTD. SERIES "SUPERCAR".

BY using the thought projector and dressing as Martians, John Doe, Masterspy, and Zarin make the people of New York think the city has been invaded from outer space. When Mike hears of the 'invasion' he sets out for New York. Meanwhile . . .

BANK

WE'D BETTER SEE HOW ZARIN IS DOING WITH THAT SAFE.

D-DON'T YOU THINK YE SHOULD GET A... A MOVE ON, MASTERSPY?

WHAT IS THE HURRY, FOOL? THE CITY IS DESERTED... EVERYONE HAS PANICKED!

WITH THE CITY EMPTY, IT SHOULDN'T BE TOO HARD TO FIND DOE...

PUT ON YOUR ANTI-THOUGHT PROJECTOR HAT, JIMMY.

RIGHT, MIKE.

SUPERCAR

SUPERCAR! MASTERSPY, DO SOMETHING!

WHAT? LEAVE THIS TO ME...

YOU THINK YOU CAN SEE A CROWD OF MARTIANS WITH RAY GUNS.

BUT...

YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME, DOE— THIS HAT CUTS OUT THE THOUGHT PROJECTOR'S WAVES.

...THEN SE IT CUTS O THIS!

JIMMY! DO SOMETHING!

OKAY, MIKE... I'M SWITCHING ON TRAAD.

QUICKLY— INTO THE DRIVING CAB.

DOE! YOU RUN THE DOWN.

THE SUPERCAR CLUB LUCKY LICENCE NUMBER THIS WEEK IS: 43,601

It's super thrills in next week's Supercar

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...THEN SEE IF IT CUTS OUT THIS!

JIMMY! DO SOMETHING!

OKAY, MIKE... I'M SWITCHING ON TRAAD.

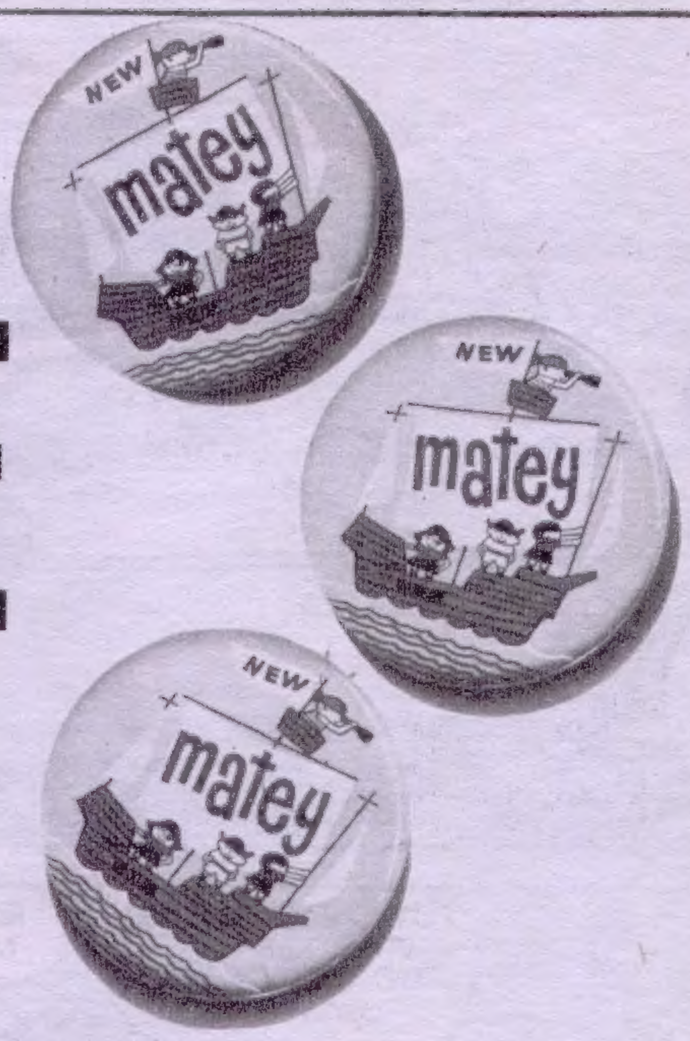
QUICKLY— INTO THE DRIVING CAB.

DOE! YOU'LL RUN THEM DOWN!

SUPERCAR CLUB LUCKY LICENCE NUMBER THIS WEEK IS: 43,601

It's super thrills in next week's Supercar story!

FREE Pirate Badge with matey

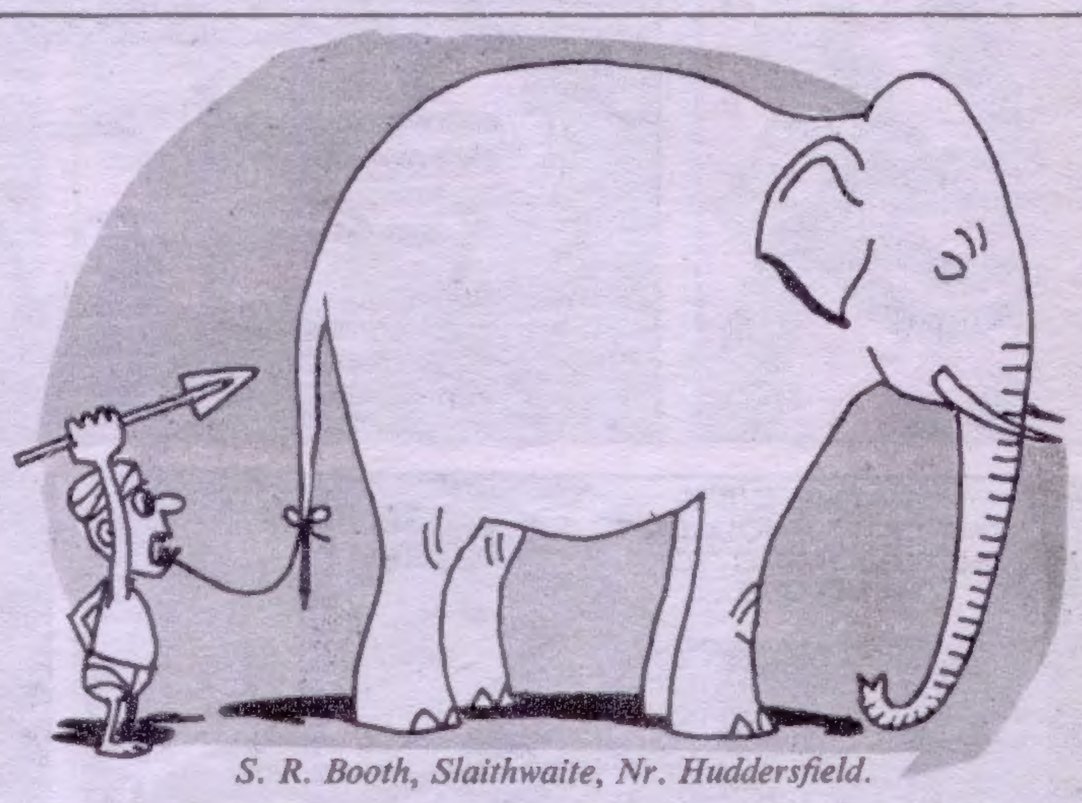


Be a matey Pirate. Join the Matey Crew and get this Free pirate badge! There's one on every packet of Matey Powder and every bottle of Matey Liquid. So ask mummy to get Matey for your free pirate badge. Remember that Matey is the bath-time fun product that bubbles you clean in your bath.

Make bath-time fun-time with Matey.

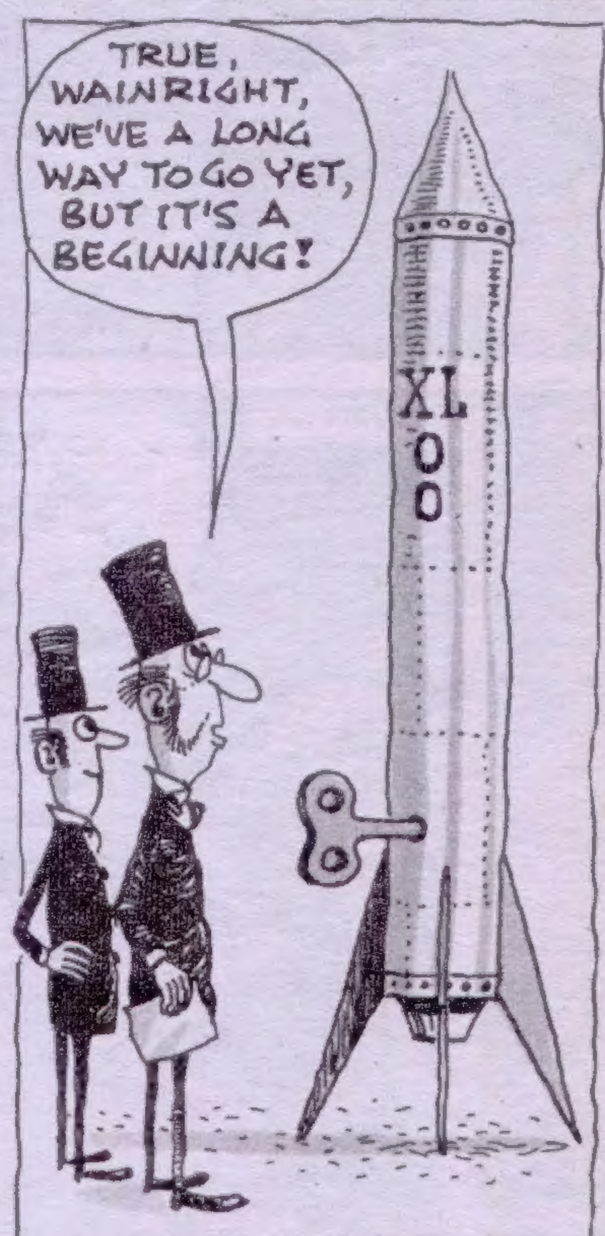
Pick of the Jokes

Win a £1. Readers of TV COMIC are invited to send in original jokes. Send your joke on a postcard stating your age, name and address to: The Editor, TV COMIC, TV Publications Ltd., 37/39 High Holborn, London, W.C.1.



S. R. Booth, Slaithwaite, Nr. Huddersfield.

W. Snoddy, Wednesbury, Staffs.



R. Lloyd, Deptford, S.E.8.

L. Jackson, Oldbury, Nr. Birmingham.

TV Comic & Express and Rocket is printed in Great Britain by Eric Bemrose Ltd., Long Lane, Liverpool, 9, and published for the proprietors by TV Publications Ltd., Television House, Kingsway, W.C.2. Sole Agents Australia and New Zealand, Messrs. Gordon & Gotch (A/sia) Ltd.; South Africa, Central News Agency Ltd. © TV Publications Ltd., 1964.
Editorial Offices: 37/39 High Holborn, W.C.1.

BEETLE BAILEY

WHAT ARE YOU ALL EXCITED ABOUT, SARGE?

AT LAST! AT LAST! THEY'RE SENDING ME A MECHANICAL POTATO PEELER!

SAY! I'M THE ONLY ONE AROUND HERE WHO PEELS POTATOES — IT'LL SAVE ME A LOT OF WORK!

AH — THIS MUST BE THE NEW POTATO PEELER ARRIVING NOW!

IT MUST BE A GOOD ONE! THEY'VE GOT A TOP SECURITY GUARD ON IT!

?

OKAY, YOU GUYS. I'LL TAKE CHARGE OF THIS!

I'LL TAKE IT TO THE COOK-HOUSE RIGHT AWAY!

HEY, YOU MEN, WHERE'S OUR NEW, TOP-SECURITY, ANTI-TANK MISSILE?

ONE OF YOUR PRIVATES TOOK IT, SIR.

MEANWHILE...

HERE IT IS, SARGE. IT JUST ARRIVED!

OH, GOODY GOODY!

ARE YOU SURE THIS IS A POTATO PEELER, BAILEY?

WHY OF COURSE! WHAT ELSE COULD IT BE?

YOU FETCH THE POTATOES, SARGE — I'LL HAVE THIS THING WORKING IN NO TIME.

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THAT'S IT! NOW I'LL PLUG IN!

KERBANG

OH BOY, SARGE, WHAT AN INVENTION! NOT ONLY DOES IT *PEEL* POTATOES, IT BAKES 'EM!

Next week, Bailey comes in first!

NOW...WALL'S NEW

SUPER Z BAR

Chocolate Coated vanilla lolly!

6d

NEW!! orange-flavoured Water-ice!

3 D Lolly in four sparkling flavours! Raspberry, Chocolate, Orange, Strawberry

3D each!

Wall's Booster! With the orange-flavoured 'nose-cone', raspberry-flavoured rocket.

6D

Wall's

FIRST in FLAVOUR

GET THESE 3 BIG THRILLS WHERE YOU BUY YOUR WALL'S!

ICE 205-R864

DR. NOLAN'S TELEVARSITY

TICH BUILDS A ROBOT

TICH WALLIS was chuckling to himself. He was also hammering. In the Televarsity workshop, which all boys were encouraged to use in their spare time, Tich was building a strange object.

Nobody but Tich, the cheeky young joker of the Third, could have thought of it.

First of all, he had bent a sheet of aluminium in the form of a cylinder. This he had riveted. Then, after putting a top and a bottom to it, he had cut a hole in it for a door.

Tich was making his own personal robot!

The cylinder was about three feet high and two feet in diameter. Inside it was empty except for a seat and a pair of pedals. A boy the size of Tich could get in and pedal. Although there were no electronic gadgets Tich had made slits for eyes and mouth and put a small bulb in it with a battery.

Tich did not know what he was going to do with it when the paint was dry, but he reckoned he would have plenty of fun. He would be the 'invisible boy'. This was enough to set Tich chuckling afresh, and he was surprised when he squirmed his way out of it to find that the quick-drying paint he had used was dry already.

Why not try it immediately?

To think with Tich was to act. Glancing at the electronic clock in the workshop, he saw that there was still an hour till bedtime. That meant that all the boys would have finished prep and be strolling around the grounds. Tich squirmed back into his 'robot' and shut the flap behind him. Then, pedalling carefully, he steered the thing towards the door.

The door opened automatically, like all doors at Televarsity. Out into the corridor he went, nearly coming a cropper as he rode on to the travelator. The moving floor carried him round to the Entrance Hall, where Tom Ranger, the school captain, was talking sport with the Australian boy, Digger Cobley.

"It's going to be good," Digger was saying. "Dr. Nolan's got the right idea. This sports week we're having during the summer holidays, with friends and relatives invited, will be as good as a holiday camp."

"I'll say it will," Tom said. "And there are plenty of sports to go in for—cricket, rowing, swimming, surf-riding—crumbs! I can't remember them all."

Tich was never without his pea-shooter. Whipping it out of his pocket, he turned his 'robot' so that the slits were facing Tom and Digger, then—Plop! A pea caught Tom beautifully, right behind the ear.

"Ow!" said Tom, giving a jump.

Tich got in two more shots, one on Digger and another on Tom, then spun his 'robot' and whizzed out of the door. Tom and Digger both clapped a hand to their necks, then blinked owlishly at each other.

"Did you feel a sting as well?" Digger gasped.

"I've been stung twice!" Tom roared. "It's a dratted pea!" he went on, fishing the missile up from the back of his neck. "Who's playing games with a pea-shooter?"

Tich was nearly choking with laughter. He was glad he hadn't forgotten his pea-shooter. The fun he could have while being 'invisible' seemed never-ending. Out into the grounds he went, rumbling rapidly along the asphalt path.

As luck would have it, he caught up with a real robot trundling ahead of him. In the evening, Dr. Nolan's mechanical assistants did all the chores, such as getting rid of rubbish and clearing things away, and Tich thought it a good idea to follow this one and see what happened.

Pedalling slowly along behind it—for Tich's full speed was much greater than the robot's—Tich found himself entering a garage.

This seemed dull to Tich, and he was about to pedal off again when he heard voices. Tich squinted through the eye-slot to see who was coming.

Two big fellows entered. They were Kane and Grogan of the Fifth. Tich gave a bit of a gulp, for Third Formers usually kept out of the way of Kane and Grogan. Grogan was a bully, and Kane had always been his pal.

"I'm fed up," Grogan growled. "This sports week we're having gives me the willies."

"Well, you don't have to come to it," Kane grinned. "You can stay away."

"Says you!" Grogan snorted. "My father says I've got to, and I can't think of a sport I want to enter for."

"What can you do best?" Kane asked.

Grogan gave a grunt. Tich was watching anxiously through the slot, but, all of a sudden, something blotted out the daylight and there was a creaking sound.

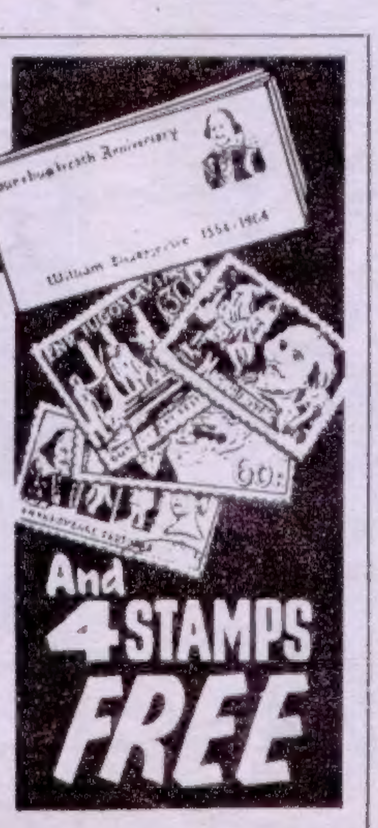
Grogan had sat himself on top of Tich's robot!

"This is what I do best, pal," Grogan grinned. "Taking things easy. I like having a rest."

Tich was in a fix. With a hefty fellow like Grogan sitting on top of him, Tich doubted whether he could still pedal. Worse still, Tich, as a Third Former, was due in his dormitory in about five minutes. Kane and Grogan would not need to leave for another half-hour. How was Tich to get out on his own . . . ?

Next week:
Tich is rounded up for repairs!

SHAKESPEARE SOUVENIR ALBUM



Absolutely Free! This unique miniature Stamp Album designed specially for the complete range of British and Commonwealth stamps issued to honour the quater-centenary of William Shakespeare. Also free are 4 special Shakespeare commemorative stamps, catalogued over 2/-. Just ask to see our New Approvals. *Please tell your parents you are writing.*

PHILATELIC SERVICES
(Dept. TV.11). Eastrington, Goole, Yorks.

THE TELEGOONS

IN A TALE OF THREE CITIES

IN LONDON...

IT'S GORN! GORN I TELL YER!

WHAT'S GONE?

BIG BEN, MATE! IT WAS 'ERE LAST NIGHT, BUT NOW IT'S GORN!

MEANWHILE IN PARIS...

MON UNC! IT 'AS DISAPPEARED!

WHAT 'AS, MON AMI?

ZE EIFFEL TOWER! OVERNIGHT SHE 'AS BEEN MOVED!

...AND IN NEW YORK...

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! IT'S VAMOOSED!

WHAT'S DAT, BUD?

DA STATUE OF LIBERTY! LOST WITHOUT TRACE!

GEE WHIZZ!

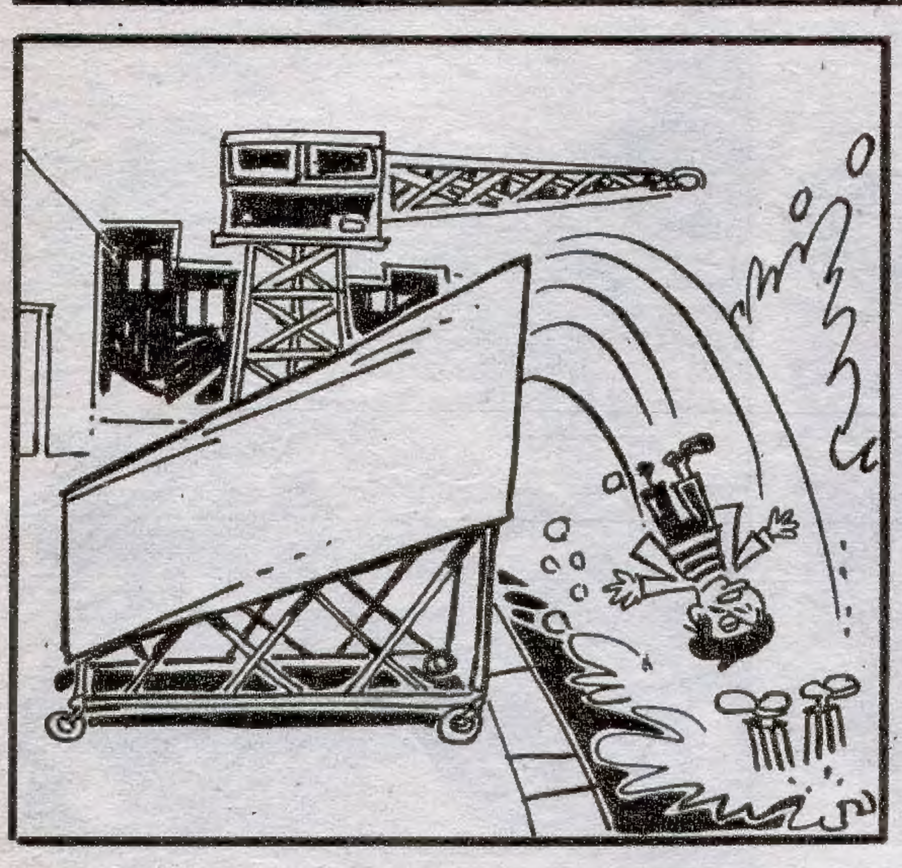
MEANWHILE, ON AN ISLAND IN THE PACIFIC OCEAN...

WHAT DID I TELL YOU, MORIARTY...?

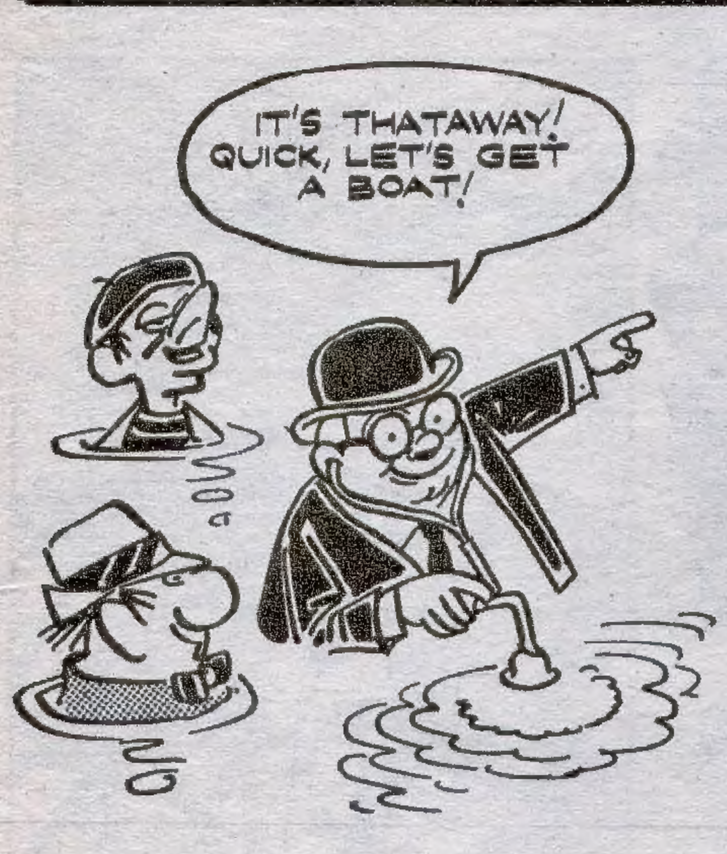
NOW WE POSSESS THESE FAMOUS LANDMARKS, THE TOURISTS WILL COME RUSHING IN FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD!

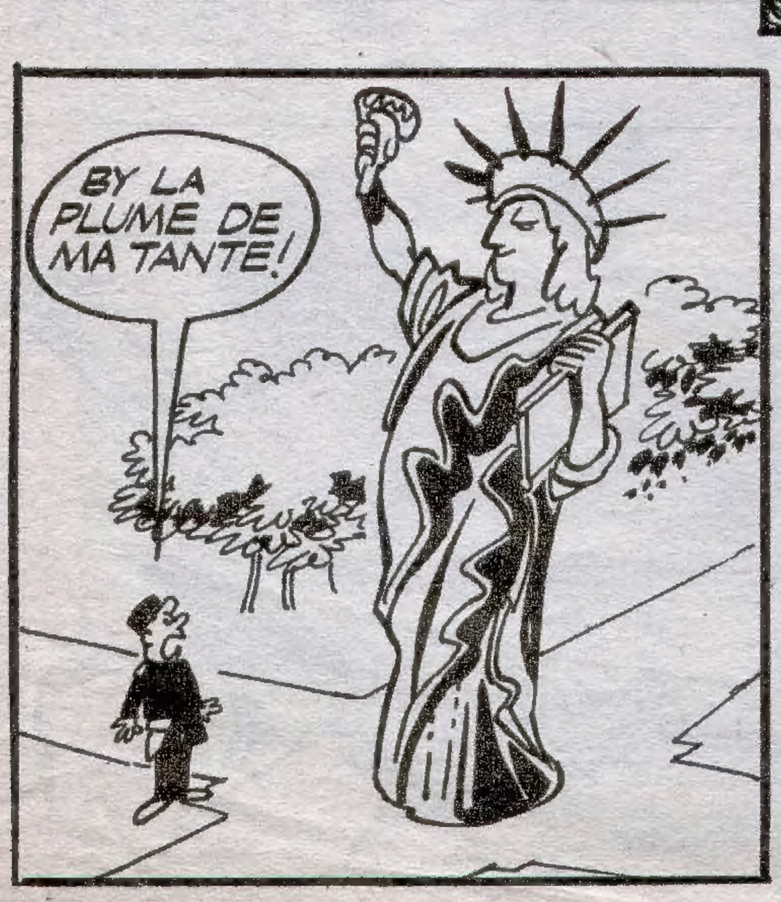
BUT AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF 'INTERPOL', THE INTERNATIONAL POLICE ORGANISATION...

GENTLEMEN, I SUGGEST THAT EACH COUNTRY PUTS ITS BEST DETECTIVE ON THIS CASE.



I HAVE A PLAN! IT'S NEARLY 12 O'CLOCK! SOON BIG BEN WILL STRIKE AND BY USING THIS CUNNING STETHOSCOPE FROM MY 'DR. KILDARE' OUTFIT, I WILL BE ABLE TO TRACE THE DIRECTION FROM WHENCE THE SOUND CAME!

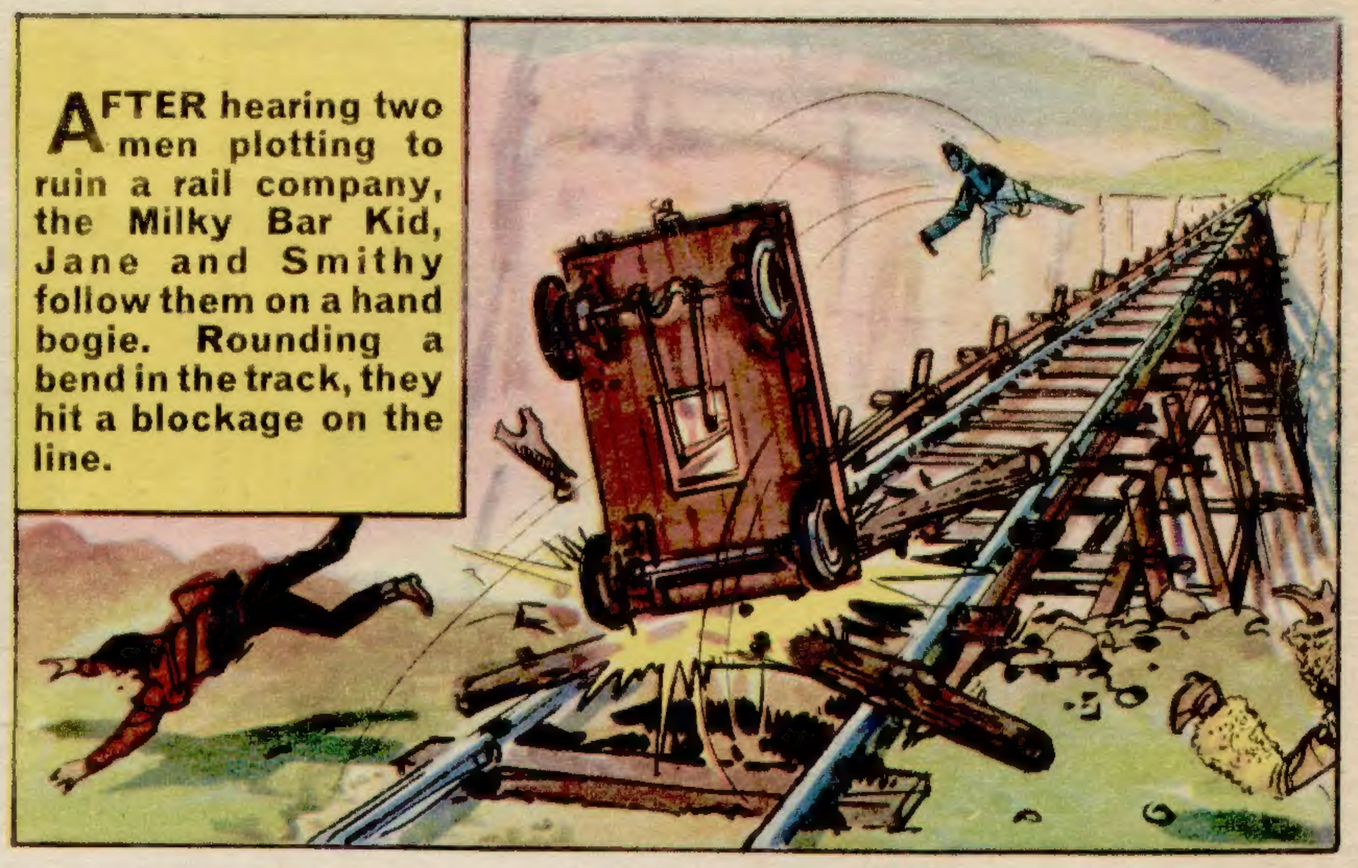


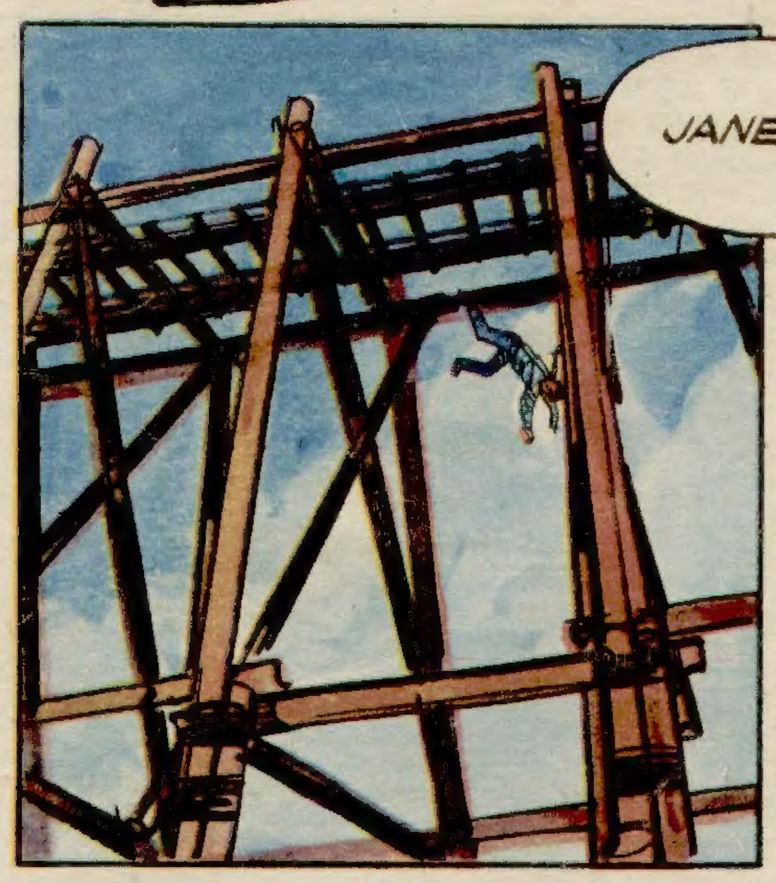


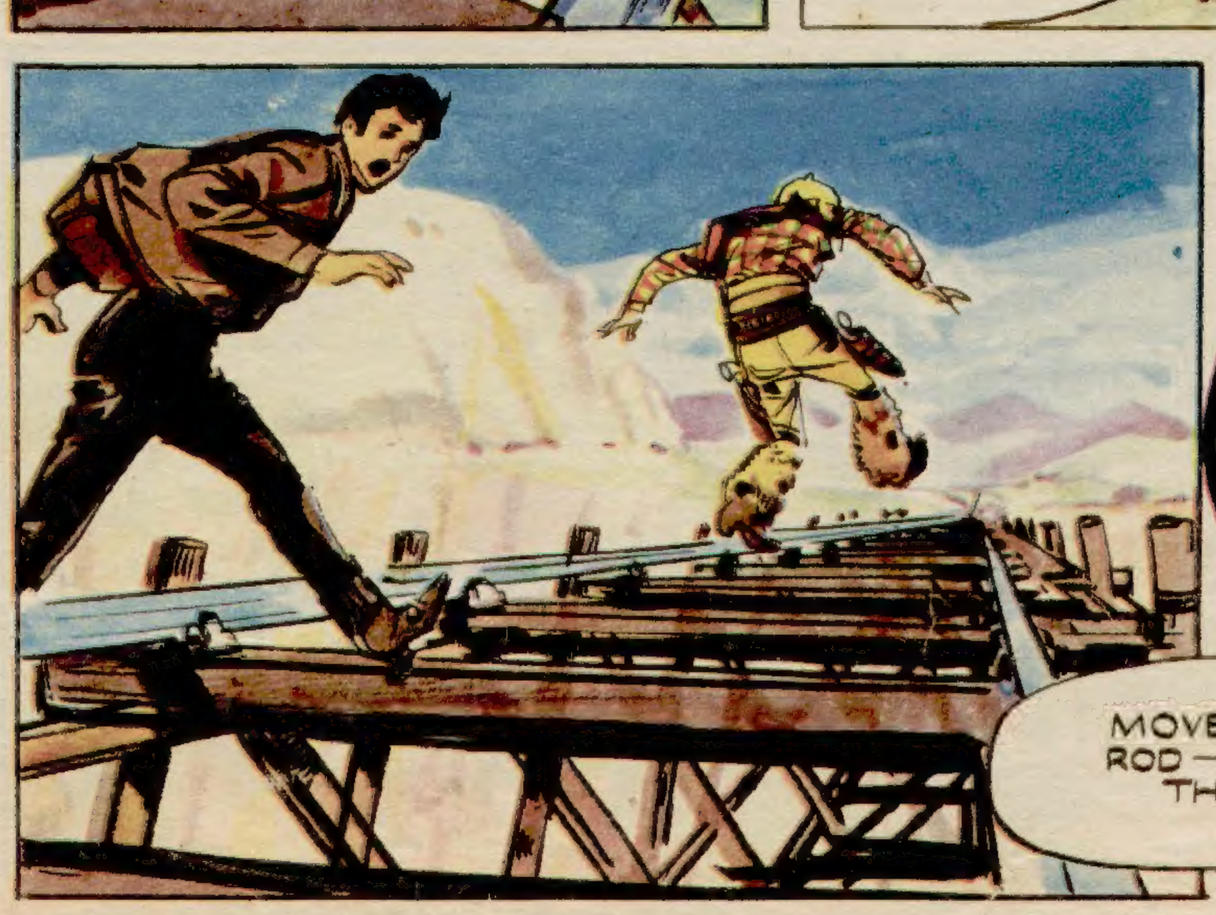
Next week, Neddie meets a gnome!

The MILKY BAR KID

AFTER hearing two men plotting to ruin a rail company, the Milky Bar Kid, Jane and Smithy follow them on a hand bogie. Rounding a bend in the track, they hit a blockage on the line.







Entry forms for The Milky Bar Kid fishing contest at your sweet shop!